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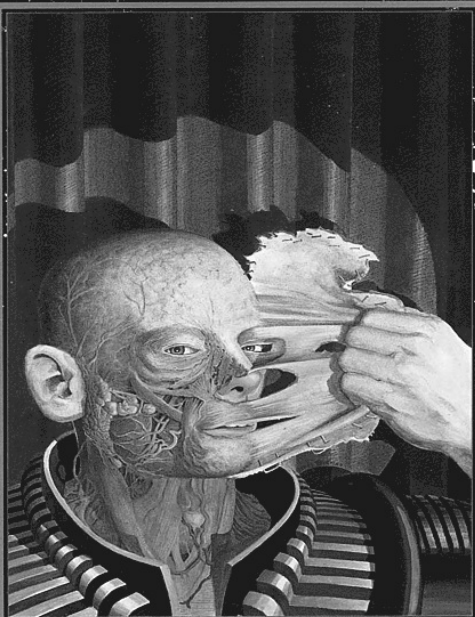
CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER

SEX,
LIES, and
HELL

C.J. Henderson
Vincent Cecolini

Ron Wolfe
Kieron Dwyer

Nicholas Vince
Andrew Paquette





foreword
D.G. Chichester

Later
C.J. Henderson
Vincent Cecolini
writers
Colleen Doran
artist
Gaspar
letterer

**Devil's Brigade Part Thirteen:
Breakdown in Red**

Ron Wolfe
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Kieron Dwyer
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Richard Starkings
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**Devil's Brigade Part Fourteen:
Echoes, Dreams and Revelations**

Nicholas Vance
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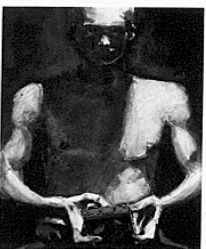
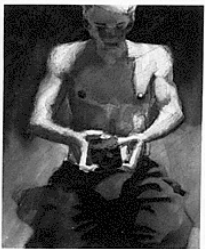
afterword
Marc McLaurin

Published every six weeks by Epic Comics. Office of publication:
587 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016.

CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER™ Book 14

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FOREWORD

Making a deal with the devil's a pretty sure-fire way of getting yourself burned; the denizens of down below are notoriously remiss when it comes to customer satisfaction. We, however, pride ourselves on being the new breed (or is that *Nightbreed*? No, that's another book!) of the diabolic; enter into our bargains and you get what you pay for, whether it's the finest in graphic storytelling (and by Leviathan, we do mean graphic) or following through on our offer to dig into your letters if you'd be kind enough to send 'em our way ("kind" being a relative term, you understand). You responded, and now so shall we; submitted for your perusal, a selection of what's sent our mail room guys shrieking to the nearest sanitarium. . .

I love Hellraiser, though it should be more gory, graphic & painful. Can you provide a diagram that shows the moves to turn the Lament Configuration into the Leviathan? How about a story with a cannibal — a prostitute who eats her clients while they watch and scream? Let's get more entertaining here.

— Jimmy K. Winston

Putting the moves on the LeMarchand puzzle box is half the fun, Jimmy. . . the other half is agony beyond imagining (well, we can imagine). As for your story suggestion, what do you think we're publishing here? A kiddie book?

Issue #110 was superb! I loved the foil cover. "One True Faith" was a stunning story; but then Nick Vince has a wonderful writing talent and an inside edge on the Hellraiser mythos. As always, the tie in artwork pages are wonderful. There's something very classy about their inclusion that I can't quite put my finger on.

— Steve Goodrich

Appreciate your comments and critiques, Steve; sorry some of the art didn't meet with your complete satisfaction, but as you said elsewhere, there is much merit in diversity and we stand by our choices. As for putting your finger on those pin up pages, avoid it — it usually ends up in a lot of bone and tissue fragments.

Your correspondence aside, gentle reader, we have other cruelties this issue, beginning with a special delivery of terror in "Later," C.J. Henderson and V. Cecolini's relentless tale of violation and intimidation as a rapist tries to outwit the Cenobites; the talented Colleen Doran returns to these pages to supply the art. Ron Wolfe makes good and evil on the conclusion of his *Devil's Brigade* storyline when the malevolent Face is confronted with the outcome of his demonic drama of order and anarchy; fan favorite Kieron Dwyer joins in on the mayhem, putting pictures to Ron's words. And, also returning, the aforementioned Mr. Nicholas Vince rallies his *Devil's Brigade* troop, the crone-Cenobite Balberith, for a final assault on the forces of chaos in "Dreams and Revelations;" Andrew Paquette provides the evocative woodcut-style illustrations.

See you in six weeks for more mail bag madness.

D.G. Chichester
consulting editor

A black and white illustration of a man with a determined expression, shirtless and bound by a complex web of heavy chains. He is suspended in the air, with his arms and legs spread wide. The chains are attached to various points around him, some extending upwards and others downwards. The background is a simple grid pattern, suggesting a wall or floor. The man's body is muscular, and he has a small, dark mark on his forehead. The overall tone is dark and dramatic.

HIS NAME, LIKE THE NAMES
OF ALL THOSE IN HELL,
IS UNIMPORTANT.

HIS LIFE, LIKE THE LIVES OF
ALL THOSE IN HELL, CAN BE
SPLIT INTO TWO SEGMENTS--
THE YEARS HE SPENT BEING
PUSHED TOWARD HELL BY
OTHERS...

...AND THE YEARS SPENT
SEEKING IT ON HIS OWN.

MOST OF THAT SECOND
SEGMENT, THE SELF-HELP
YEARS, WERE SPENT STUDYING
ARTIFACTS AND ARCANIC CLUES--
THE LEGENDS, AND RUMORS HE
WOULD DISCOVER TO BE
TRUTH.

WHAT HE DID NOT UNDERSTAND
WAS THAT NEGOTIATING THE
LE-MARCHAND CONFIGURATION
WAS NOT THE SOLUTION HE
SOUGHT, BUT ONLY A PIECE
OF THE PUZZLE.

Later

C.J. Henderson
Vincent Cecolini
writers
Colleen Doran
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letterer

A black and white illustration showing three faces in a dark, shadowy environment. The faces are arranged horizontally. The face on the left is a man's face, looking slightly to the right. The face in the middle is a woman's face, looking forward. The face on the right is a man's face, looking slightly to the left. The faces are framed by dark, jagged shapes that look like torn paper or torn flesh. The background is dark and indistinct.

THE ROOM--DARK, DANK, COLD--
STINKING OF SWEAT, FAILED
BOWELS AND FAILED BLADDERS,
MURMURING WITH PRAYERS FOR
A MORE FINAL TYPE OF DEATH.

ITS EFFECT SO INTENSE THAT HE WOULD
WRETCH IF HE STILL HAD WORKING ORGANS
WITH THE ABILITY TO BURN FORTH HIS
CHOKING BILE.



WHY DO YOU BEG SO
WHEN IT WAS YOU
WHO SOUGHT US?



THE LAST AUTOMATIC
SIGNALS LEFT TO HIS MIND
FIGHT HIS PAIN SO HE MIGHT
COMPREHEND HIS CAPTORS
WORDS AND GIVE ANSWER.

I'VE WANTED...
DREAMED OF...
BECOMING...ONE
OF YOU.

FLATTERING--AN ADMIRABLE
GOAL. BUT, LIKE ALL OTHERS,
YOU HAVE FAR TO TRAVEL.
YOU MUST LEARN TO SHED
THE IDENTITY OF FLESH.

"LET THE
EDUCATION
CONTINUE."



NO--WAIT!
I AM DIFFERENT.
WORTHY! I CAN
PROVE IT.



"YOU CAN?"

LET US HEAR
YOUR STORY.

"I WOULD RIDE THE SUBWAY AT NIGHT, CHOOSING THE RIGHT VICTIMS -- A WOMAN RIDING NERVOUSLY ALONE, SUSPICIOUS OF EVERYONE, PRAYING QUIETLY FOR SAFE ARRIVAL."



"FOLLOWING HER AS SHE WOULD ASCEND FROM THE UNDERWORLD TO STREET LEVEL, I WOULD 'THINK' AT HER, CALLING TO HER MIND."



"I KNEW IT WOULD NOT BE LONG BEFORE I COULD MAKE HER REACT TO MY PRESENCE."

"FOLLOWING HER DOWN GRAY NIGHT'S DESOLATE STREETS, I WOULD NARROW THE DISTANCE BETWEEN US. HER FEAR, EXUDING FROM HER LIKE A JUNGLE FRAGRANCE, WAS... AROUSING."



"AND SHE WOULD KNOW -- SMELLING ME AS I SMELLED HER, SHE'D ALWAYS TURN... AND I..."



"OH, ENOUGH. A WEAKNESS OF FLESH."

"PURPOSELESS PAIN, BORN OF A LACK OF ORDER. WE'VE HEARD THIS ALL BEFORE."

"NO-- WAIT! PLEASE!"

"YESSSS?"

"YOU HAVEN'T HEARD MY STORY BEFORE. I SWEAR IT."

"LET ME FINISH AND YOU'LL SEE."

"CONTINUE."

"WHEN I WOULD BEGIN MY ATTACKS,
EVERY NIGHTMARE THEY HAD EVER
DREAMED REPLAY IN THEIR MINDS."



"I WOULD HELP, OF COURSE,
BY FORCING HER TO THE
GROUND--PUNISHING
HER."



"STARING AT HER FROM ABOVE,
I'D GIVE HER A MOMENT TO
FLEAP."

"AT THE POINT
SHE EXPECTED
THE WORST..."

"...I WOULD
STOP."

"NO, YOU'RE
NOT READY
YET."



"FISHING THROUGH THEIR
PURSES FOR IDENTIFICATION,
I WOULD READ NAME AND
ADDRESS--OUT LOUD."

"WHEN SHE WAS
READY--WHEN
THE TIME WAS
RIGHT, I PROMISED
I WOULD RETURN..."



"...THEN I'D LEAVE,
TELLING HER."



"I'LL SEE
YOU...
LATER."

"AS I WALKED
AWAY I WOULD
WHISTLE SOME-
THING PLEAGANT..."



"...IT'S A SMALL
WORLD AFTER
ALLLL..."



"AND OFTENTIMES,
OVER THE YEARS,
IT WAS.

"TIME AND AGAIN--
IT WAS ALWAYS
THE SAME...

"MY ONSLAUGHT--BEGINNING
QUICKLY, STOPPING SUDDENLY--
MY SINCERE PROMISES TO
RETURN ALWAYS KEPT.

"I FED ON THEIR TERROR--
DRANK THEIR TORMENT
AND ANGUISH IN DEEP,
SLURPING GULPS--

"MY NEVER ENDING ATTACKS
MADDENED THEIR IMAGINATIONS--
FESTERED IN THEIR NIGHTMARES.

"IT MADE ME SMILE.

"IT MADE ME ...

"HAPPY."

"I PLAYED
THEM
LIKE VIOLINS..."



"PEERING FROM
BUSHES--
THINKING
THEIR NAMES..."



"MAILING
THEM BLANK
PAGES SO THEY
COULD READ
MY SOUL--"



"NEVER
LETTING
THEM
FORGET..."



"NEVER
LETTING
THE
TERROR
SUBSIDE."

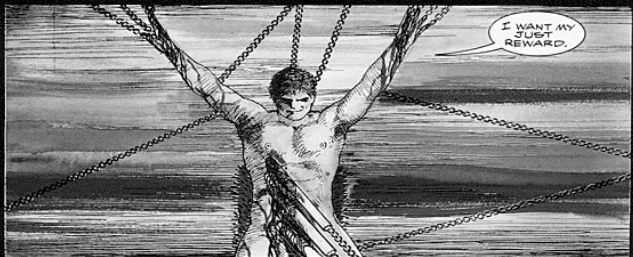
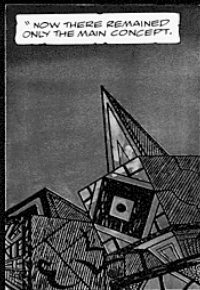


"NEVER."



"I COLLECTED THEIR
EMOTIONS LIKE INSECTS--
PINNING THEIR WINGS TO
THE WALL WITH MY
CAMERA--"

"KNOWING MORE SURELY
EACH DAY THAT IT WOULD
SOON BE TIME TO STEP
TOWARD IMMORTALITY."



YOU HAVE POTENTIAL --
THERE IS A FINE SENSE
OF ORDER WITHIN YOU.
BUT FIRST, I FEEL YOU
SHOULD BECOME BETTER
VERSED IN OUR
WORLD OF THIS

NO. WAIT!

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

WHEN DO I BECOME ONE OF YOU?

PERHAPS LATER

Noooooo!

THE END





FOR A MOMENT, HE THINKS
THAT HE MIGHT HAVE
GONE BLIND.



IN THE RED, RAW LIGHT THAT
IS ALL HE CAN SEE, HE
THINKS HE MIGHT HAVE
GONE INSANE.



BLINDNESS, INSANITY--
HE WOULD CLING TO
SUCH AN EASY
EXPLANATION.



BUT HE FINDS TO HIS
HORROR THAT HE CAN
SEE. OH YES: HE CAN SEE
WHAT HE'S DONE TO HER.



SANE? IT'S AN OPEN QUESTION.
BUT HE IS FULLY AWARE... OF
WHO HE IS, AND OF WHAT HE'S
BECOME.



HE IS LEO SHABEL.
MURDERER!
STRANGLER! LEO
SHABEL, A MAN
CURSED WITH A
TERRIBLE
QUESTION --



A FEVER DREAM
COME TRUE, IT'S
ALL THE MORE
SURREAL FOR
WHERE THEY ARE.

THE MURDER TOOK PLACE ON
A STAGE IN A SMALL, EMPTY
THEATER -- A STAGE SET FOR
"THE GLASS MENAGERIE."

SHE LOVED THIS
PLACE. IT WAS HER
LIFE'S WORK:
COMMUNITY THEATER.
SHE WANTED TO
SHARE IT WITH HIM.
A LATE-NIGHT,
LOVERS' RENDEZVOUS --

--BUT SOMETHING
SNAPPED. SOMETHING
TILTED THE WORLD. IT
SEEMED, JUST FOR A
MOMENT, AND LIFE
CAN GO TO HELL IN
JUST A MOMENT.

YOU
C-CALLED ME
THE MAGIC MAN.
YOU SAID I COULD
HAVE ANYTHING,
JUST FOR THE
WISHING.

BUT
WISHES DON'T
REALLY COME
TRUE, LISA ANN.
OR YOU'D STILL
BE ALIVE. YOU
WOULD LIVE
AGAIN --!

Ron Wolfe
writer
Kieron Dwyer
artist
Richard Starkings
letterer

THE DEVIL'S BRIGADE PART 13 BREAKDOWN IN RED

LIVE
AGAIN!

HOW LONG DOES THE
MIND ENDURE AFTER
THE BODY DIES?
AFTER THE BODY IS
MURDERED?

HERE
IS THE
ANSWER.

LIVE
AGAIN!

THERE HAD BEEN DREAMS
AND DETERMINATIONS
HERE, MEMORIES AND
HOPES, ALL THE MYRIAD
THOUGHTS THAT WERE
LISA ANN MERCER-- ALL
GONE, GIVEN AWAY TO
AN ENDLESS NIGHT.

LIVE
AGAIN!

BUT THE NIGHT...
BREATHES ON.



AH! SHOCK
THEATER --! A
SURPRISE TOUCH
OF THE GRAND
GUIGNOL! I
LIKE IT!

WHAT A SHAME
I CAN'T ALLOW IM-
PROVISATION...

CALL THE POLICE.
GIVE MYSELF UP. I'LL
HAVE TO CONFESS...
TO WHAT, THOUGH?
TO A KILLING THAT
I CAN'T EXPLAIN?

SHE MEANT TOO
MUCH! SHE CAN'T
HAVE DIED BUT
NOTHING BUT A
FLASH OF MADNESS.
I WON'T ALLOW
IT.

"MAGIC MAN." MAGIC.
SOME KIND OF POWER.
I CAN FEEL IT, JUST
THE WAY SHE SAID.

THERE'S
A PURPOSE
TO EVERYTHING...
EVEN TO THIS...



CONSIDER A MAN WITH THE
ULTIMATE PUZZLE: THE
MURDERER WHO CANNOT
EXPLAIN WHAT HE'S DONE.

SAVE TO SAY
THAT'S HE'S
KILLED NOTHING
LESS THAN HIS
LAST HOPE OF
LOVE.



I
SWEAR
IT, LISA
ANN... I
WILL KNOW
THE
ANSWER.



THINK, DAMN IT!
REMEMBER! UNDER-
STAND! WHAT
HAPPENED..?



THE
STREET
HAVEN



"I'VE GIVEN MY WHOLE
LIFE TO HELPING THE
POOR, EVERY WAY
THAT I COULD.

"I SET UP A STREET
SHELTER. IT WASN'T
MUCH AT FIRST -- JUST
ONE MAN'S SMALL
RESPONSE TO A
DESPERATE NEED.

"THE STREET HAVEN
FLOWED INTO MORE
THAN I EVER
IMAGINED. A NATIONAL
CRUSADE FOR THE
HOMELESS!

"BUT
STILL...
SO MUCH HUNGER
IN THE WORLD. SO
MUCH LONELINESS.
I COULDN'T
ENDURE SUCH A
WORLD ALL ALONE.

"LISA
ANN, YOU
WERE MY
SHELTER."







ALONE AGAIN, ALONE
INSIDE THE DEAD,
DARK MIND OF THE
MURDERED WOMAN --

THE ONE-TIME ACTOR, THE
MASKED CENOBIITE
KNOWN AS FACE IS LEFT
TO HIS REDISCOVERY
OF AN OLD EMOTION.

FEAR.



WHHOK

PAIN IS
SUCH A
COMFORT
TO HIM
MOST
TIMES --



NOT NOW.

IT-IT'S
TRUE, I WAS
TOO SELF-
INDULGENT IN
PLAYING MY
ROLE. I
HAMMED
IT UP.

CONTROLLING
THIS WOMAN
FROM DEEP IN HER
MIND, WEARING
HER LIKE A MASK!
I MADE HER EVERY-
THING LEO SHABEL
EVER WANTED.



"I PLAYED THE PART
OF THE SWEETHEART
THE TEMPTRESS, THE
WHORE AND THE ANGEL.
HIS BEST FRIEND. HIS
LOVING MOTHER.

"ALL IN ONE -- AND
ALL OF THEM NAMED
LISA ANN.



"I MADE HIS EVERY
WISH COME TRUE. WHAT
BETTER WAY TO BIND HIM?

"I LEARNED HIS EVERY
SECRET, EVERY HUNGER
HE'D DENIED.

"THE HUNGER TO KILL... THE
ULTIMATE YEARNING. HE
MIGHT HAVE KEPT IT
SUPPRESSED ALL HIS LIFE.

"Oh, BUT I WAS CAUGHT
UP IN THE DRAMA, IN
THE ROLE OF BEING
EVERYTHING --

"SWEETHEART,
TEMPTRESS, BEST
FRIEND, MOTHER...
VICTIM."



I'VE STAGED
A TRAGEDY IN
ERROR.

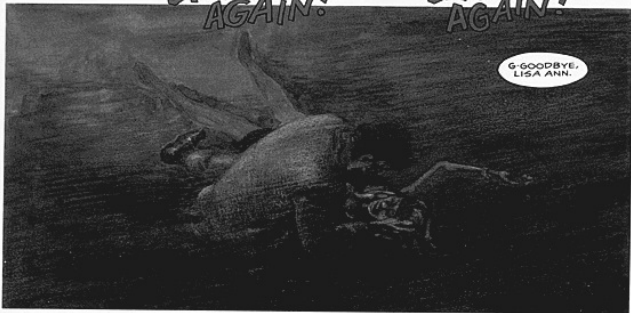
BUT
EVEN A
RUINOUS
SHOW CAN
BE SAVED
BY A
BRILLIANT
THIRD
ACT.

LIVE
AGAIN!



MAKE A WISH,
MAGIC MAN.
WISHES COME
TRUE.

LIVE
AGAIN!



G-GOODBYE,
LISA ANN.



I LOVE
YOU.



PLEASE...
FORGIVE
ME.



HER STRENGTH IS MORE THAN HUMAN, CLINGING TO HIM.

HER VOICE... SOMETHING LESS THAN HUMAN.

YOU AND ME, LEO--WE'RE GOING TO TAKE IT FROM THE TOP.

WE'RE GOING TO PRACTICE OUR LINES--

WE'RE GOING TO LEARN THE FIGHT BLOCKING.







REMINDE ME
TO TELL YOU
WHAT FUN IT
WAS TO STAR
IN "CHARLEY'S
AUNT..."



BUT FOR
NOW, YOU HAVE
WORK TO DO --
TO FEED THE
DRESS, TO
SHELTER THE
STREET SCUM...
WHATEVER IT
TAKES TO BRING
FLESH INTO
LINE.

SSKRIP



YOU'RE GOING
TO DO WHAT I
SAY, LEO. EXACTLY.
EVERY TIME --

OR YOU'LL
FIND ME INSIDE
OF YOUR HEART,
IN THE PLACE
OF YOUR
SOUL.



AND YOU
WON'T LIKE
IT --

ANY
MORE
THAN
SHE
DID.



I THINK WE
UNDERSTAND
EACH
OTHER.



I UNDERSTAND...
YOU'RE THE CAUSE
OF ALL THIS!

AND
I ASKED YOU
A QUESTION!



"BEHOLD..!"

"THE FACE..."

"OF THE MONSTER..."

"UNMASKED!"

THE FACE
OF EVIL -- NO
MATTER HOW
MUCH YOU
DENY IT, YOU
KNOW.

YOU'VE
SEEN THE TRUTH
IN EVERY
MIRROR, EVERY
DAY OF YOUR
LIFE.

THE PUZZLE IS
BROKEN IN SHARP,
WHITE SILENCE.
THE MEANING
COMES CLEAR TO
HIM.

AT LAST, HE CAN FIX A
NAME TO THE GUIDING
FORCE IN HIS LIFE -- A
BETTER NAME THAN
MAGIC, EVIL.

AT LAST, HE CAN KNOW
THERE WAS VALUE TO
LISA ANN'S DEATH.
PERFECT REASON. SHE
DIED TO SHOW THE WAY.

I ... AM
THE WAY.

YES! A GOOD MAN TRIES
HIS BEST TO SAVE THE WORLD,
AND THE WORLD DOESN'T
CARE, LEO. THE WORLD
GOES ON HURTING,
GRIEVING,
STARVING.

"BUT ASK YOUR-
SELF, WHAT
COULD AN EVIL
MAN DO?"

TH-THE EVILL
MAAAAN...?
COULD MAKE A
DIFFERENCE.

H-HE
COULD SEE
TO IT... THAT NO
ONE HAS TO LIVE
IN SUCH A WORLD.

AND HE
COULD
DELIVER...

THE
ONLY
ESCAPE!



THE END



ECHOES, DREAMS AND REVELATIONS

THE POWER OF
PART 14

ANSWER ME
THIS, YOUNG PETER
ABADDON. IF MANKIND
IS THE GARDEN--IS
CHRIST OR THE
CHURCH THE
GARDENER?



WHO CHOOSES WHICH
PLANTS ARE TO BE
NURTURED AND WHICH
TO BE WEEDED
OUT?



THIS GARDEN IS
AN ABOMINATION
AGAINST CREATION,
PETER! NOTHING
SHORT.

GOD MADE ROOM FOR
ALL THESE PLANTS, YET
MAN DECIDES WHICH ARE
FITTING IN THE MOCKING
DREAMS OF EDEN.



Nicholas Vince
writer
Andrew Paquette
artist
Phil Felix
letterer

SO, TOO,
THE CHURCH
IMPOSES ORDER
AND TO DO THAT,
WEEDS OUT
THE DIS-
SENTERS.

AND WITH
THEM GO ALL
THAT IS STRANGE
AND BEAUTIFUL--
ALL CHANCE OF
GROWTH.



AP

ARE THOSE PLANTS EVIL? ARE THEY SINNING? THEIR ONLY CRIME IS: THEY DON'T FIT INTO THE GARDENER'S DESIGN.

AND THERE IS ONE REWARD, FOR THOSE WHO DO NOT FIT INTO THE DESIGN LAID DOWN BY THE CHURCH...



...WHO MUST BE "PUT OUT" SIDE."



CONSIGNMENT TO THE FLAMES.



IT'S TRUE THEN, FATHER JENNER, YOU ARE TO BE EXCOMMUNICATED.



YES.

IT'S TRUE THEN, FATHER ABADON. YOU... I... WE... ARE TO BE TRIED FOR HERESY.



YES.

I... WHAT HAPPENED? I DON'T UNDER...

WHO IS SHE?



SHE IS ONE OF MY FAILURES; REBECCA. SHE ACCUSED THE TELEVANGELIST SAMUEL OF BEING A PRONE OF HELL.

SHE CUT ME.



AND WAS COMMITTED TO AN ASYLUM.



I TRIED TO
HELP YOU.
DO YOU TOO
ACCUSE ME?



COME,
THEY'RE
WAITING.



I LUKE
ABJURE THEE
ABADDON...



...I RENOUNCE OUR
FRIENDSHIP. YOU QUESTION
ALL THAT A PRIEST SHOULD
BELIEVE. LET THE BELL BE
TOLLED FOR YOUR
PASSING.

NO, LUKE...
I LOVED YOU! I
MOURNED YOUR
DEATH.

YOU'RE
DEAD?

I SAMUEL,
DENOUNCE THEE.
YOU TEACH
REDEMPTION BUT
IGNORE REPENTANCE,
YOU LEAD YOUR
FOLLOWERS INTO
SIN. LET THE BOOK
OF YOUR LIFE
BE CLOSED.

NO, SAMUEL.
I AM TRYING TO
SAVE THE CHURCH!
NONE OF YOU
UNDERSTANDS...



FATHER PETER ABADDON'S T.V. MINISTRY HAS GAINED AS MANY CRITICS AS IT HAS CONVERTS. TODAY'S GRAND INQUISITOR, ABADDON'S RIVAL EVANGELIST SAMUEL, PUTS THE QUESTION: ABADDON-- HERO OR HERETIC?

Inquisition
WITH HENRI HORN

PETER, YOU CALL FOR THE ORDINATION OF WOMEN. YET PAUL CLEARLY STATES: "IT IS SHAMEFUL FOR A WOMAN TO SPEAK IN CHURCH."

YET PAUL SPEAKS OF JUNIA, WHO WAS "OF NOTE AMONG THE APOSTLES."

I QUESTION DOCTRINE SO THAT WOMEN MAY RETURN MORE FULLY IN THE CHURCH.

THE BIBLE POINTS TO THE ARRIVAL...

...OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD, WHEN WE SHALL BE JUDGED-- SOME RECEIVING EVER-LASTING LIFE, THE OTHERS DEPARTING INTO EVER-LASTING FLAMES.

ISN'T YOUR RESPONSIBILITY TO WARN AND SAVE?

FIRSTLY, MY MINISTRY DOESN'T PRECLUDE SALVATION-- I DON'T ENCOURAGE OR ADVOCATE SIN.

AND JESUS SAID: "THE KINGDOM OF GOD COMETH NOT WITH OBSERVATION... FOR BEHOLD, THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU."

I BELIEVE CHRIST MEANT US TO BUILD GOD'S KINGDOM ON EARTH. HENCE "THY KINGDOM COME, THY WILL BE DONE, ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN."

I DREAM OF BUILDING A NEW EDEN, WHERE ALL CAN GROW, ALL MAY BE FORGIVEN. NOT IN THE HEREAFTER, BUT IN THE HERE AND NOW...





HOW
IS YOUR
CHARGE?

RINGED
ROUND BY THE
DOUBTS I HAVE
GOWN IN HIS
DREAMS, HOW
GOES THE
WAR?



THE BALANCE IS
EVEN WEIGHED: FAGE
HAS FAILED: LEO SHABEL
HAS ESCAPED US. SISTER
ABIGOR HAS TRIUMPHED!
DECOURCY HAS CRUSHED
THE OPPOSITION IN
HIS COUNTRY.



FAILURE TO
WIN ABADDON TO
US WILL NOT BE
TOLERATED



REST EASY.

THE STORY
UNFOLDS AS BID:
THE NEXT CHAPTER
REMOVES ABADDON'S
RIVAL, OUR GOOD
AND FAITHFUL
SERVANT, SAMUEL.

GO THEN
AND RETURN ONLY
WITH NEWS OF YOUR
VICTORY.



BRING THE WORLD
WITHOUT ONE STEP
CLOSER TO HELL'S
DREAM OF ORDER...





YOU ARE
JUDGED A
HERETIC AND
WILL SUFFER
EXCOMMUN-
ICATION.

BUT... YOU
HAVEN'T TRIED
ME... I'M YET TO
BE HEARD...
BY WHAT
RIGHT?



YOU ARE CONDEMNED
BY YOUR OWN PREACHING,
ABADDON, YOU CONSTANTLY
QUESTION DOCTRINE.



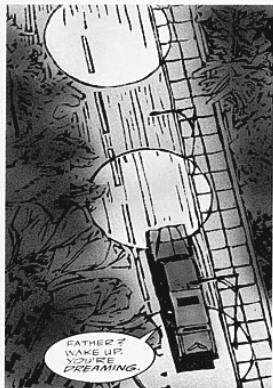
A CHRISTIAN HAS NO SUCH LIBERTY.

YOU ARE BOUND TO
RECEIVE THE DOCTRINE
THE APOSTLES
RECEIVED FROM
CHRIST.

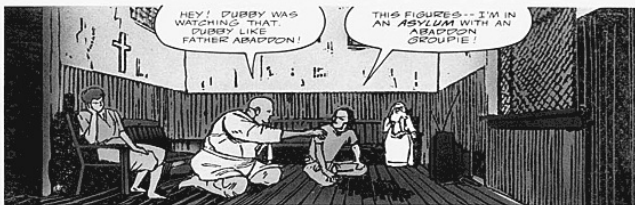


SAMUEL!?

THE GOOD
GARDENER WEEDS
OUT THE THORNS,
ABADDON. I HAVE
GONE AND PASS
THE MANTLE TO
YOU. CARRY THE
MESSAGE OF
OUR LORD.











SO YOU CUT PETER ABADDON. I WAS HIS TEACHER ONCE -- WHEN I WAS FATHER JENNER.

I'M SURPRISED HE'S FOLLOWED SAMUEL AS A PROPHET ON THE ARMAGEDDON WAGON.



I DON'T LIKE PROPHETS AND
DREAM TELLERS.

YOU KNOW WHY PEOPLE
BELIEVE IN PREDICTIONS
AND DREAMS ?



BECAUSE CERTAIN
DOOM IS LESS
TERRIFYING THAN
UNCERTAINTY.



IT IS THE TRULY BRAVE
WHO RELY ON THEIR
OWN WITS TO DEAL
WITH AN UNCERTAIN
WORLD, WHO KNOW
THEMSELVES ENOUGH
TO DECIDE WHAT
IS RIGHT...



"...WHO CAN ADMIT
THE WORLD IS
CHAOTIC, AND BUILD
KNOWING THEIR
WORK WILL BE
DESTROYED, BUT
BUILD ANYWAY.



"WHO INSTALL ORDER
IN THE WORLD, WITH-
OUT BEING OBSESSED
BY ORDER; WHO
LEAVE ROOM FOR
THE SURPRISE;



"WHO
STAND
IN CRAZY
BALANCE."



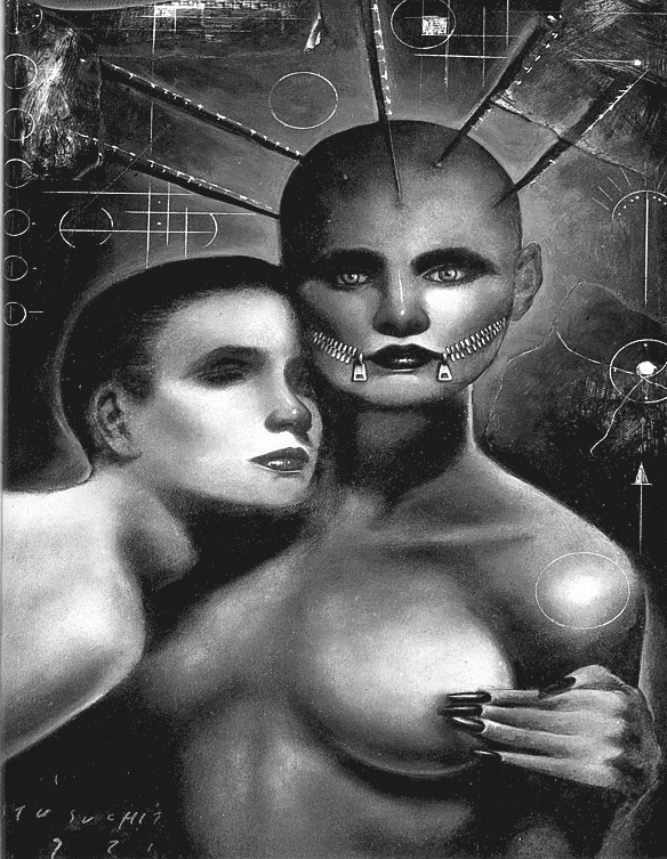


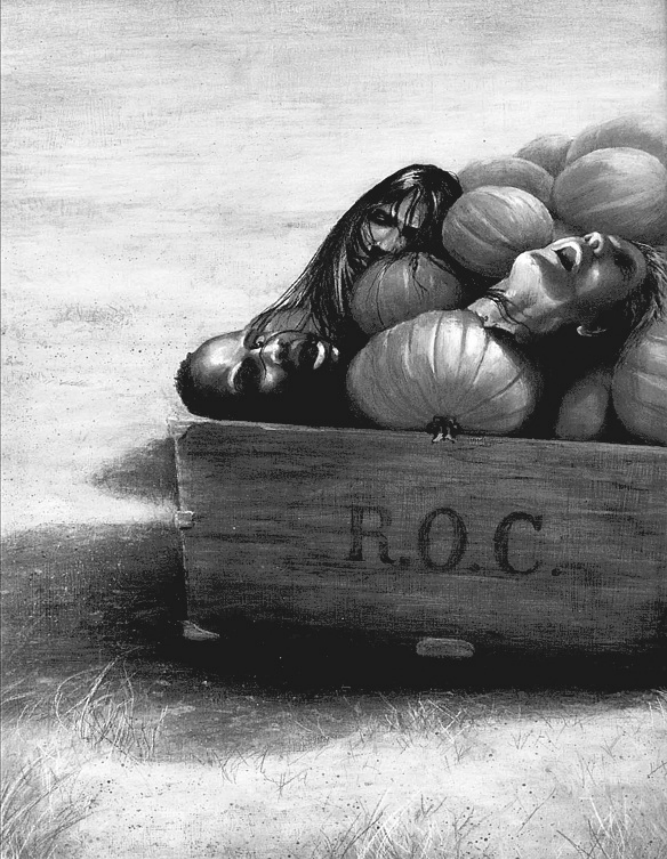


THINK NOT THAT I CAME TO SEND PEACE ON EARTH, I CAME NOT TO SEND PEACE, BUT A SWORD!
MATTHEW, CHAPTER 10, VERSE 34.



THE END





AFTERWORD

"Thus far in the stories that spring from the mythology of Hellraiser, the actions of the forces of damnation have gone unchallenged. Time after time, the Cenobites have claimed souls for their infernal chambers, and there has been little or nothing that mortal man could do to stop them. Nor has there been any sign of heavenly intervention, to set against the horrors that Pinhead and the rest of his crew readily dredge up from the depths.

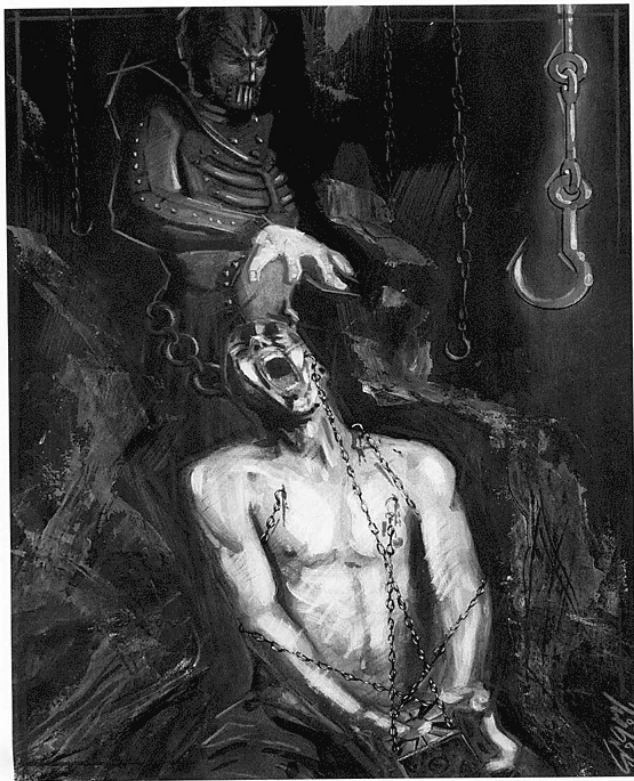
"That situation is about to change."

What you've just read was an introduction written by Clive Barker to what will be the most dramatic episode thus far in the tenure of this ground-breaking series. Beginning in issue #16 of Hellraiser, you'll see the first ruminations of the formation of a group that will shake the Hell of Hellraiser to its foundations. This New Apocrypha was created by Clive, as Hellraiser, and as is the case with this series, the writers privy to this info have run with it, wildly. The story possibilities this New Apocrypha allow are endless, and guarantee you'll be seeing more action, intrigue and multi-leveled stories stalking the halls of Hell in the near future.

I think you'll be impressed with the result, but slow, torturing soul that I am, I'll not give away too much just yet. Just know that in the annals of Hellraiser, now and forevermore, 1992 shall go down as the year that birthed THE HARROWERS.

Be here next issue for more details. I will be.

— Marc McLaurin
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Life going too well for you? Permit us to
offer this prescription for an acute case of
sanity.

A sex offender whose depravities give
even the forces of Hell pause.

Community activist turned serial killer,
untold carnage insantly in the best
interests of humanity.

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growing audience.

Take your soul and call for help in the
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